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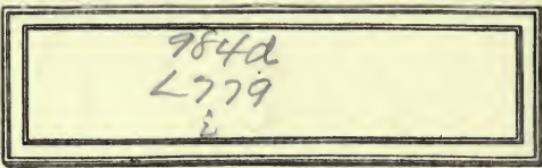
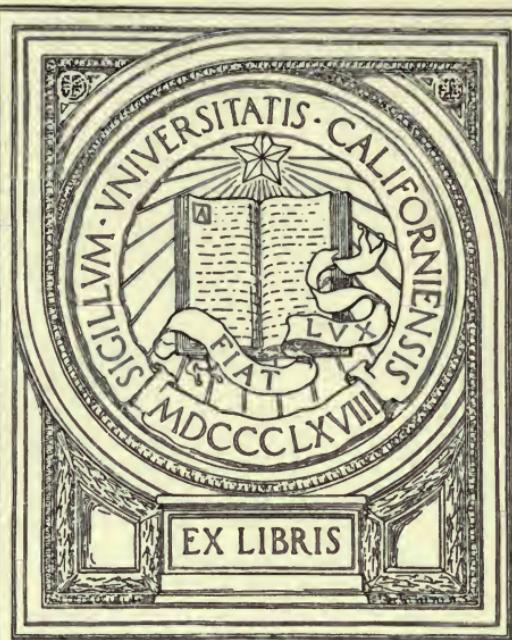
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# Illumination and Love





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# Illumination and Love



# Illumination and Love



By

Ariel

984 cl

George Elmer Littlefield

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TO THE  
AMERICAN

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## Fore Words

**T**RUTH is simple. Clear as running water in the sunshine. Easy to know. Yet, like children playing "cat's cradle" with a bit of string, many minds like to make Truth complex and confusing, so that souls seeking Truth — the truth that frees from all limitations, and liberating, is happiness — are often led perplexed into morasses and jungles where, weary and lost, they sigh for help.

Once, at a summer-nite's camp-fire talk on a hill-top amongst live oaks, little lanterns were hung along paths to show the way to the evening rendezvous. So, in expressing Truth, I like to use apt illustrations — little stories and similes — which are like lanterns on the seeker's path, making it easy and pleasant to find liberation and happiness. "Light on the path."

And Truth-seekers should travel "light" (no "excess baggage"), as well as by light on Love's way of Illumination.

My passion is to express Truth simply, clearly, briefly, lovingly. Intuitively, openly to the soul, rather than thru the thickets of the intellect. As freely as a rose blossoms for you. This is why I call my prints "red rose petals."\* The idea is that all who receive shall broadcast them to others — they are living words; living words are born in love and borne by love to others — this makes you a member of the Red Rose Fellowship.

Tho some of the selections in this book

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\*A few of the 40 different petals are reprinted in this book. Love-gifts.

## *Illumination and Love*

may be familiar to you, let's consider there are 1,750,000,000 others in the world, and Christmas comes every day, and recollect that they are new and inspiring to some friend o' yours or wayfarer whom you may bless as you pass this book on.

For 'tis a love-gift. This is why I invited friends to share in issuing it. How could I do any other way? Yes, I have credit and, doing my own printing and binding, could get paper and materials and sell enuf copies to pay costs and then make a profit. "Business." But I have quit commercialism. Forsaken it for love's way. 'Cause I've a vision of the happy day coming when all will vie to give, instead of to get—"come-givers," rather than "go-getters"—and business will be to bless, not profiteer. So, seeing this ideal, I must help make it real. Must be sincere. Must be true to myself, else be sick—neurosis, or a weakling with all sorts of ills. For, if one aspires, and does not act; if one glimpses the Sublime, and is not sublimated; if one loves and does not give, becoming a stagnant scummy pool of deadliness, one Judases himself, and, horror of horrors! degenerates into that awful thing—mere mediocrity—awful, because every soul is potentially glorious!

Ah! yes, it is an achievement to be sincere—such a long, long effort to slough off all the encrustations and inner complexes we have inherited and acquired since babyhood. Living in a world preaching "brotherhood," and ever preparing for war; prating glibly the Golden Rule in all churches for centuries while daily

exploiting one another; even almost universal hypocrisy aroused to cheer Lindy and peoples palpitant with a vision of goodness and truth and beauty, then slumping back into slumber, just awake enuf to wallow again in crime and lies and ugliness. A sick world—almost on the verge of insanity, and another tragic world war!

So one must live his ideal to make it real, to be sane and well—to save himself from the curse of the unpardonable sin of self-betrayal. Therefore, while crowds are racing for will-o'-wisp felicities of the future, I sidestep, pausing serenely, just to live say fifty years ahead of our time, and anticipate the Happy Day to come by drawing the Future into the Present and, like an immortal, blend both into the eternal NOW.

*Ariel.*

**F**riend o' Mine — my typewriter is the harp of my heart, and my printing press is the orchestra of my troubadour soul. I sing a love song to you — twanging the words here with my fingers — to tell you how the Supreme Lover of the universe, expressing in myriad-voiced melody, trills and thrills thru me — pressing out of me the Spirit of Inspiration. And this living Love I word-weave, like poesy, into a love-letter-book, and again my hands, in service with heart and head, sets the types and runs the press to make a love message for many souls — to make your solo of appreciation a chorus for others to sing, too.

## TO MY MOLLIE

My sweetheart-wife; an incarnation of Love and  
the incessant inspirer of my life; who has been  
my fellow-worker and playmate during the long  
happy years of our wedded life.

*Ariel.*



## A Sunbeam Letter



HERE are summit truths for ascending souls whose dawn-crested beacons lure us upward. One of these is: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." The other is the freeing Truth: "I and the Father are one." God and I are one. This is the highest peak in the altitude of Truth.

I shall never forget the day when my soul's vision caught the full significance of this illuminating Truth. A sunbeam was God's messenger. Thru half-closed eyes, as I lay in a green pasture, basking in the sun, beside a mountain pool, came the ray, palpitant from its Source, signalling its oneness with the Sun: "I am bright! I am joyous! I am immortal!" it said, "because my father Sun is lustrous, vibrant, eternal. I am never sick, nor sad, nor poor. I and my Father are one—how can I ever be anything but glorious!"

And opening wide my eyes, I saw that all sunbeams were shining one with another and upon the world, a glad brotherhood of light, each ray radiating the sun, each sunbeam the Sun itself.

And then I knew the omniscient truth that God and I are one. Living in the glory of God—God gloriously lives in me, in everyone. Freed from every fear, released from all limitations, liberated to every true and good and lovely thing and experience, I could feel POWER, deific, lurking me to use it; I realized WISDOM, not taught at college, mantling my mind; I felt LOVE billowing around me, buoying, like a sea of bliss; divine HEALTH pulsed my being: and the WEALTH of the Universe was mine. Poor Monte Christo! I felt sorry for him. Aladdin and his wonderful lamp was but a fairy foregleam of REALITY!

Of course the violet at the foot of the tree lost its playmate sunbeam towards noon—the leaves above o'ershading; of course I am chilled as a cloud hides the sun; and of course if I let woe-thots o'ershadow my life, or becloud my soul with fear, I must droop and shiver in the shade of such negations. But as dawn again brings the violet's playmate and clouds break away to flood me and the world with sunshine, so I awaken to God's light and love, dissolving and dispelling the obscuring cloud-thots by affirming:

*My Sunbeam Letter*

*I am Life! joyous Life! I am Love-illumined Life!  
And I bless every soul with this rejoicing Life!*

And lo! Divine Effulgence hallows me. I am rich, well and happy and ever shall be. For my Beloved and I are one.

Now, if I can realize this supreme Truth others can. And, ah! if it came to all souls there would be no more obsessing o'er-shadows—no more poverty, misery, death. No more death, for, when I get ready to "go to sleep" nites, I do so aware I will awake to another new day of love. So when I am ready to "die" (another refreshing sleep), I will do so, beautifully, to awake to an even newer and more wonderful life which I am preparing for as naturally as we each day prepare for the morrow. The cocoon of a butterfly is my revelation of life—there is no "book of the dead" in my world—only I have this advantage over the butterfly, who must worm the earth ere it flies the air: I live in two realms simultaneously, the earthly and the heavenly—immortality here and now—for God and I are one.

So, dear one, let's tell this great Truth to others going up Ascension Mount—"You and God are one"—help all souls

to share this gladness, this health, this wealth. I want to fellowship with all in Love's service. And I am happy, very happy when others are helping others with me. Use all the Red Rose Petals you can in this ministry. They are living words. Living words are those born in love and borne by love to others.

\* \* \* \*

## **Illumination**

**I** caught the thought o' Love;  
I spoke the word o' Love;  
And began to live the life o' Love—  
Then I walked with God,  
God walked with me;  
But which was God?  
And which was me?  
Ah! as we trod Love let me see:  
I live in God,  
God lives in me.  
And so I am happy.

## What the World Wants

In Union Square, noon, in busy, noisy crazy New York, I stopt—as did the flame-lipt society miss on her way to a cabaret lunch—hearing the sweet voice of a young country lass singing an old hymn thru a tiny megaphone:

“Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven to earth come down”—

and as a voice in my heart the summer air trembled, like a sunbeam threading thru the clouds and smoke and dust the girl’s song soared and permeated even up sky-scraping flights and thru open office windows to disturb the figuring of business—for a moment a haze is in clerks’ eyes and the manager’s frown relaxes—this angelic aria, zephyr-buoyed, bearing from some woodsy haunt a whiff of pennyroyal caught up in its journey afield, pausing Sunday morn in a village organ-loft, now halted a group growing to a crowd, listening to the exquisite sanity. A glimpse of heaven, birds, brooks, and love—liquid notes of divine Love—all melodied in a maiden’s street song:

“Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy tender mercies crown.”

But her companion, a crass talker, advertising his sectarian brand of salvation, spoiled it all. Business with its noise and noisome smells, came back, and the throng eddied and surged down and up the Broadway currents. A poem dissolved into mediocre prose.

Humanity wants Love. Life! Not counting-room credits. Heart-hunger starves on bank-accounts; but, lo! souls are fed on a dusty pavement by a singer's simple old song of Infinite Love:

“Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spirit  
Into every troubled breast;  
Let us feel what we inherit,  
Perfect peace and blessed rest,”

Not in warehouses, but in voices of praise and deeds divine; not in barter but in Love's service and song; this is the commerce of Life—the Spirit of Prosperity. Hearing the hymn that day, years ago, my soul still sings:

“Pure unbounded Love Thou art . . .  
Enter every trembling heart.”

And to sustain its benediction, let's signal one another a red rose fellowship of Love and Light, so that the angel-borne prayer and heaven-on-earth vision may

enrapture the race, and sunny places for souls be kept open in every city and be in every heart.

For, as in Union Square, so thru the din of the world's clash and clang, oft we hear a love-song of God, as we pause a sacred moment, listening enchanted, a-tremble with joy.

It satisfies. Melts and fuses us to new efforts—to greater purposes. To work—no more for profits, but, for humanity. It inspires us to transmute all commodities, not into cash, but into collects substantial and chants ambrosial, melodies of home-architecture, farm-symphonies making dinners grace-full—business the blessing—all concrete counterpoints to the Song Divine in the Church Universal where every thought is a prayer, every act its ritual, every feeling a holiness which is worship.

Love-themes woven into webs of service to clothe mankind with glory—and life more abundant.

Ah! This is prosperity—real wealth.

He is rich who can help.

He is richer who helps.

He is richest who can help and helps wisely.

## A Soul Symphony

The beginning and end of a perfect day

We will awake at morn and sing:

I am Life! joyous Life! I am love-  
illumined Life!

And I feel vibrant thrills of creative, pulsing Life!  
I am Life! joyous Life! I am perfect, peaceful  
Life!

And I bless every soul with rejoicing, happy Life!  
and with this key-note and theme we'll  
attune another soul with helping hand or  
uplift of heart so he or she begins to sing:

I am Life! joyous Life! I am sunny, cheerful Life!  
And I beam in silent bliss this bright and bles-  
sed Life!

I am Life! joyous Life! I am thrilling, singing  
Life!

And I wake all the world with God's glowing,  
glorious Life!

Then you and I and they give the song  
to others, and they to others and others,  
until, all together with the angels all over  
God's heaven, we chorus the music heard  
in all souls—a choralcelum of harmony  
all-pervading thru the day until this per-  
meating gladness, ere nitefall, entrances  
all souls—a symphony whose exquisite  
measures, beating and throbbing, now  
sonorous, then melodious, finally heard

by the inner ear softly echoing a single bar of gentle lullaby,— once more rising to valorous deeds, then chanting love-in-service--at last lulling us to sleep's silent rehearsal for a new day of glory.

\* \* \* \*

## A Spirituelle

**H**ave you ever heard the minstrel “spirituelle” refrain,

“*Ev’rybody talkin’ ‘bout Heaven—aint goin’ there,*”

and noted how many are talking about God and Truth and Love and the Golden Rule, and the happiness and health these spiritual qualities connote, and yet how crowds continually detour to a morass of misery trying to mix Mammon and the Sermon on the Mount, struggling for the “success” that curses the world?

Maybe this will suggest the wonderful, simple discovery, open to all souls, which makes me so free and happy --- that by breaking step with the crowd and marching to the inner music of the soul, lo ! we are in Heaven with God, living the love-life of Truth--- prospered by the Golden Rule---singing our joy.

## A Trilogy

### MORN MATIN.

Dear One:—Awake at dawn with thanks for another day of loving, I break fast, then sing myself a fairy ship to sail to what's beyond. And now, before the lectern of the Book of Life, at the altar of Inspiration, a troubadour of the Spirit, I twang my typewriter, singing: "Bless and be blest."

For all souls' welfare and happiness.

Do let me tell you that when you read "A Sunbeam Letter," herein, you'll see what illumined me and set my soul singing some years ago—and singing always ever since.

Quite often folks when they fellowship with me awhile ask, "Are you always in this joyous mood? Don't you have spells of depression like so many others? Can you keep sustained on the heights of the Spirit?" And like a happy barefoot boy with cheek of tan, I can only reply, "Yes," wondering that such a question is askt—like "Do you always breathe?"

Of course, no doubt I was ready for

the lesson — naturally a soul of love — when a sunbeam revealed mySelf to me. And once this ONENESS flashed into me, I had the keynote of life's symphony. This cosmic concept is the passport to Paradise. Given the dominant thought, like a commander marching an army, all other thoughts instantly aline. The summit Truth magically ranges all truths. Then came the corollary revelation and liberation and happiness, told in my "Illumination" chant, (page 16) — and so my life flows smoothly, ever refreshed and refreshing as water brooks — health, plenty just naturally comes like smiling — and, how can a soul help singing when care-free and happy! The only urge now is to help others to realize the same freedom and felicity. This I do in my love work of personal correspondence, of visiting-by-mail all friends who invite me; which is Red Rose Fellowship.



NOON COMMUNION.

Dear One—While meditating Love's ecstasy, letting God fill me with inspiration—this noon—I sense your response and murmur "blessings!" and say a little joy-prayer for you.

Which, as we meet here in thought, is a smiling nod of "howdy" to your attentive interest. I feel of you, Reader, "My Friend", as Myrtle says:

**I** AM rejoiced that God delayed  
So long in making you.  
If you had lived before the now  
A century or two,  
I would have felt a special void  
And counted all friends few,  
Because none else could fill the place  
Now occupied by you.

I like to think that God designed  
A plan for us to be  
Togetherwise, that you might mould  
Your riches into me,  
And gifted you with inner sight,  
That you might clearly see  
The vital need I have of you,  
And you a need of me.

Perhaps if God had given you  
Unto the world before,  
He might have let me slip in too,  
Before He shut the door.

*By Myrtle Emily Cone.*

A friend once thought that I appreciated her too highly, and my words too poetic; but I told her that I always very carefully consider my words, and my valuations are of the soul. Wholly trusting my trained intuitions. For, you see, in the quiet of my study here, communing with souls thru an aura of love, there are no appearances or personal traits to blur my spiritual vision, so your living photo in my mind is vivid with interest and beauty; if my heart throbs happily and the thought of you glows, how can I see and feel other than your real, true self? All souls are kin to the Sublime to lovers, so I know you, brotherly, as God knows you His beloved one. Therefore I cannot regard you too highly or picture you too lovely.

And if I look out of my window, or go for a little walk, and the wonderful scenery is gentled by bird-flutes, adorned with flowers and splendored by sunshine, ah! this only enhances my inner world and the charm of a friend there with me. You know one may live constantly in two worlds, and the inner universal life throws a glory over everything terres-

trial, glamoring every human being with beauty. This may make my language, sometimes, seem a bit extravagant; but I only try to tell, oft futilely, my appreciation of that divinity I love in you, friend o' mine.

So, silently I rest a moment. Reverent. Blessing and blest. Praying:

May all your life be one constant, unceasing Prayer. The prayer of joy and Power. The prayer of souls who daringly fling themselves into the sea of bliss; who fearlessly, gleefully dive and float frolicking with God in billowing tides of love. Prayer—not the mere twittering about some selfish wish, but exulting in an aspiration that wings a soul soaring high o'er abysmal deeps, shadowed vales and desert wastes heavenward on wide-spread pinions of faith and hope, poising free in buoyant air and palpitant sunshine to peal joy-song ecstasy for all divine goodness and eternal providance.

This is the living prayer gushing from my soul for you, dear one: that we give ourselves, all, every whit, to our Beloved Soul of our souls, so we may ever share the riches of God.

## VESPERS.

Dear One—wishing to write a companion to my “Morn Matin” and “Noon Communion” I chant this evensong with a little homily on spiritual economics.

How good it is to be grateful after a day well lived — the charm of beauty, the bliss of love, the glory of growth — to sing of peace. Tranquil thanks for all the joys of Love’s service thru the whole day — rising to a joy-climax of freedom. Song soaring on soul-wings heavenward. Inspiring! Praise for release to one’s ideals. Aspiring a like liberation for all.

For when, at dawn, a sunbeam reveals its oneness with the Sun, and all that this implies: “I and the Father are one,” and my soul is endued with perfect health, opulent wealth, illuminating love and the immortal youth of God; and at noon when one communes with souls kin to the Sublime, and all day long blessings blossom the path, shall we not loiter a little listening to the gentle bell within the cloister of our hearts and sing gladness with all creation? Thankful we are permitted to share our blessings and to chorus our freedom with others, as sun-

shine splendors the sunset and the birds  
trill in their tree metropolis?

Ah! when a soul loses the sense of  
money-need amidst the horrid scramble  
of commercialism—aware of a spiritual  
economy which loosens the leash of all  
stress and strain, and, like birds, we flit  
and fly to this or that high impulse, care-  
free of cash, like we breathe or look or  
think—as unaware of effort as love—  
what an eternity is a day! what riches of  
vision and enthusiasm and opportunity  
and leisure and play are ours to spend!  
Every bazaar-door of the universe opens  
to us, all the wealth of the Kingdom is  
offered to us just for the taking. Living  
and loving like God. Children of God.

A good woman wrote to me, t'other  
day, her blighted joy; she was to spend  
a few days' surcease from mop and cook-  
stove in the mountain woods—a friendly  
cabin was offered, far away from honking  
horns, noisy scooters, screeching children  
and the belching jazz of the radio. A  
week of retreat in the simplicity and si-  
lence of Nature's cathedral where she  
could meditate and loaf with herSelf di-  
vinely—no weary waiting upon fractious

boarders who tore her patience to shreds to help pay the mortgage on her prison-home;—“O, to get away for just one week from where I must say ‘Damn!’ or go crazy!” Then something happened to upset her vacation. Alas! and alack!

Now, why couldn’t she go up to the mountain trees and enjoy her morn matins and noon communion and evensong with the birds at vespers, if she wanted to, anytime? Doesn’t she, too, understand that she is a soulbeam of the All-Soul? Maybe—maybe not. She sent four times for “prosperity banks” and prayed as told. Ah! but does she understand Spiritual Economics? Here my Mollie and I live on the “fat of the land”—all that’s good for us—\$1.50 our daily budget for all household and personal needs including Henry-the-Fordth; and \$1.50 is so easy to get each day—like playing “tag” and the \$1.50 is “it.” A little co-ordination of head and hands and heart—planning and doing with the dynamic of enthusiasm—and the ‘Infinite Supply’ is ours. Like a baby’s puckered mouth and tiny pressing palms and zestful suck at the o’erflowing mother-breast. If our

family was doubled simply more of this “good management” would be applied with equal zest. Yes, we are our own landlord, no debts. If we didn’t own this lovely bungalow, we’d again live happily in the little cabin, snug and homey, that is now my study-printery. A cathedral is only a larger hut. But a palatial-bank bond-man, having an income 20-times mine and jailed like a barnacle in his cement vault, sighed when he heard me tell a local druggist who askt what I thot of his splendid store, “I never saw so many things all at once that I don’t want!” and a neighbor with a salary of \$250 a month and borrowing to tide-over until next pay-day has no better than Mollie and me, lacking our soul satisfactions and peace, knowing scarcely anything of the riches of the Spirit.

Here, dear reader, I reveal the basis of freedom and happiness in a capitalist social system—a little lesson in spiritual economics. And my Mollie says with her charming love-smile that I spend most of the time in a petting party with the Goddess of Liberty!

We will now read a scripture of Bees:

## Bees

Some honey-bees swarmed into the hollow of an old apple-tree near the town and there were great fields of flowers all around besides the apple-blossoms of May.

And one day a roaming drone lazily flew into town and scented sweetness which led it behind a grocery-store where an empty hogshead of molasses-drainings was dumpt in the sun. Smeared with the delicatessen, the drone hurried to the hive in the tree and told of the discovery, allowing other bees to smell and taste morsels on its legs.

Whereupon the whole hive went into excited council about swarming nearer the molasses-barrel.

But the Queen, wise old lady, recollect ed the plight of a bee who once got caught on the edge of some fly-paper, which she told the assembly, and, backt by the buzzing approval of nearly all the swarm, decided to remain in the old apple-tree. "Why bother about molasses when so many lovely flowers bloom all around," she said.

But one day they missed a lot of their

fellows, and scouts were sent out to see what had happened. And that nite two bees came back and reported that there were hundreds of dead bees all gobbed up in the molasses-barrel.

Why bother about money when so many loving smiles are all 'round?

\* \* \* \*

## More Light

**A** Thief broke into Heaven and stole the Golden Rule. "A'ha! Shiny One," he chuckled, "you'll make me rich!" And his soul became so opulent that he quit his job.

A Praying Dervish, feigning sleep, heard a robber prowling in his tent, and as the disappointed fellow was sneaking out, the Dervish stealthily pushed his prayer-rug toward the exit so the robber should not be destitute of loot. Next morn, beside his precious rug there were persimmons and a flask of wine at the tent entrance; and the Dervish thanked Allah and gave the fruit and drink to a sick man. *From the Persian.*

# The Lost Church

HOW IT WAS FOUND

**H**ave you ever heard of the youth — call him Theo — who awoke one Sunday morning with a vivid dream of a wonderful church, whose members were all ministers, the leader of the morning service one among many

“Who have a wonderful work,  
In a wonderful way,  
Doing a wonderful good  
For wonderful pay”?

It seemed as tho an angel choir sang in the hallowed peace and the sun poured a baptism of beautiful colors thru each window over the assembly, while the leader and his people simply, feelingly, voiced the Beatitudes of Jesus.

What made these words and this service divine were the brief reports of helpfulness and blessing some of the worshippers gave of ministering deeds of loving service and sympathetic cheer they had witnessed thru the past week.

The text o'er the pulpit was “Bless and be blest.”

God was in their midst. The church was palpitant with His Presence.

The vision was complete in a moment — even the location and simple architecture (immensely spacious, suggestive of a tree-archt hillside) of the church was so distinct that Theo, all expectant, quickly dressed and sought the place.

Strange! No such church was on the corner — perhaps a block beyond. But he was so certain of the place. But no; not there, nor anywhere near the neighborhood.

Perplexity shadowed his alert dreamy eyes. Searching about that section of the city till noontime, at last with a sigh, he turned homeward with the dismisst congregations of other churches.

And for nearly a year, Sunday after Sunday, Theo continued the search, going to many churches, without finding the ideal fellowship of his vision.

But one day — it was a Tuesday — he found it. While waiting on the corner, the very place where his dream saw the lost church, Theo pickt up a slip of paper evidently dropt from someone's handbag on which he read:

*"TWIN TRUTHS*

*Two thoughts stand out clearly in my consciousness:*

(1) *If I so bless mankind that all love me, I shall never want for every good and necessary thing; and*  
(2) *If we can get everybody blessing one another, this world will be transformed into heaven. There's happiness enuf for all — let's pass it 'round."*

Turning the slip over he read again:

*"I am Life, joyous Life! I am peaceful, perfect Life!  
And I bless every soul with rejoicing, happy Life!"*

A subtle sense of inner gladness—like he first felt that Sunday morning of his dream—suffused him while he read, as tho ministering Presences were hovering near, and glancing around, Theo beheld a little group—father, mother and two children—evidently not long since came from Italy, also awaited a street-car.

They were entirely unconscious of the living picture they made—the young wife clad in a coarse, simple dress with a gay 'kerchief over her glossy dark hair, smiling while her lustrous eyes rested fondly upon her man, he clad in clean overalls holding the baby—despite his patched coat and worn shoes, laughing outright as the baby clutched for his moustache; the other child, their boy, playing at the mother's feet on the sidewalk.

A long way from home they were, yet here in a strange city, all hopeful with abounding health and happiness.

Theo was glad to catch the little boy's ball ere it rolled into the gutter, and lift him into the car as it came along.

Inside, furtively watching their naive pretty ways — meditating that such as these wholesome self-exiles, eager to nest and work as they loved and laughed, are not welcomed by some haughty Americans—Theo felt Something divine within him go out to these foreign folk, and he wirelessed them a barrage of blessings as he left the car. The love-tide in his heart rose thrillingly and the angel-choir of his vision once again sang, and the sunshine poured a baptism of beauty thru his eyes into the holy of holies of his soul. His whole being, a temple of the living God, was aquiver with His Presence; and the text; "Bless and be blest," became alive.

Theo had found the Lost Church, and knew that he himself was called to be one of its ministers.

Yes, dear reader, you and I also are two of its minister-members whenever we send forth a true thot or do a kind deed.

Now do let us sing Sam Longfellow's beautiful hymn:

## THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL

One holy church of God appears  
Thru every age and race,  
Unwasted by the lapse of years,  
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,  
Beneath the pine or palm,  
One unseen Presence she adores  
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,  
To serve the world raised up;  
The pure in heart her baptized ones;  
Love her communion cup.

The Truth is her prophetic gift,  
The soul her sacred page;  
And feet on mercy's errands swift,  
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine mission speed;  
Fulfill thy task sublime!  
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;  
Redeem the present time!



## The Stained Glass Window

**I**t was Easter Sunday. All the church bells in the great city were heralding joy — were chiming in with humanity's undying hope of immortality. One metal throat pealed like a leader clear above the city's tower-orchestra; for it was ringing its first glad notes to the world — notes that told of its own triumph over tragedy when it rose from the furnace inferno to its belfry heaven.

Scarcely a month before, in the lurid gloom of the bell-foundry, hundreds of brawny, grimy men stood by while the massive crane swung the molten metal streaming into the matrix. The great bell was being cast. And when its earthy encasement was removed the beautiful form of metelic inspiration, as from a chrysalis-shell, came forth. For weeks the material for its composition had been gathering at the foundry — ore from the mines, fragments of cannon from some battle-field, an old cracked school-bell from a junk-heap — and every molecule of these materials seethed and rolled and bubbled and hissed and sung in the mammoth cauld-

ron; and at last the millions of atoms were at rest, and they were glad, every one, to be infinitessimal parts of the big bell. The new organism gave them a nobler form of being and grander music to sing.

For the great bell was ordered to be placed just before Easter in the tower of the new and most magnificent church in the city.

And, oh! such a splendid time had all the little electrons of the bell in moving from the foundry. They thrilled like boys in a high swing as they swung from the dray drawn by six horses and were hoisted into the lofty belfry. "What a world of our own we are!" said all the host of bell-atoms. A complete world of metallic mites, indeed, they seemed, up there hung in space. But they trembled with apprehension, the tongueless throat palpitant but dumb, as the huge hammer with its electric mechanism was placed ominously so near. Why was this heaven-poised vibrant bell-world thus menaced and subtly connected within reach of the struggling, praying, laughing, crying, torturing mortals below?

The great bell and its bellite atoms did not know the mystery of their nature — did not know that all the process of smelting and casting, and the hurry of hanging, and the nervous fumbling of the old bell-ringer's fingers fondling the electric knob marked "strike" was but the prelude to the Easter Service on the morrow when the great bell would ring out a mighty note of Hope to humanity its first time. Of this the tongueless bell kept silent — not yet did it surmise or whisper the mystery of its being and high purpose.

Thru the long nite the stars shone glimmerings of distant music, and then, finally, Easter dawn gathered all the signals of light into a burst of golden and azure glory. Sun leapt to earth an infinitely lustrous emblem of life. Then, at the appointed instant, the old bell-ringer touched the button — his aged arms released from pulling the rope which used to lift him off his feet with the flying revolution of the old bell and he wisted a bit for the exhilarating feel of the swift whirl and recoil of the old church's bell as it swung out and up, whirring, thril-

ling with motion—but now he lightly presst the little knob next to the organ switch, and then—O joy! O woe! O woe! O joy!—the huge hammer struck all the bell-world of atoms above into quivering agony, distress so poignant as to make the very air vibrate in sympathy... and out of all the anguish of metal and palpitation of air, came the clear, deep-toned high-flung peal upon peal of glad Easter joy. Again and again did the bell-ringer press the “strike” button, and blow after blow the hammer struck the quivering bell, and cry upon cry the metal voice rang, and over and over the inspiring peals were flung out to the world, telling with language born in a fiery cradle and uttered in travail, how even thru pain and suffering can metal-atom, or mortal man, sing the Resurrection Song.

. . . . .

And the city was listening—listening and stirring and bustling en masse toward the churches.

At the second ringing of the bells a large congregation was gathering in the Church of the Exclusive, in whose tower the great bell rang, to witness the unveil-

ing of a new memorial window. When the bell's last notes ceased, the fashionable crowd listened to the organ voluntary in luxurious anticipation. Every seat was occupied by the pew-owners and their special friends, so that a group of art-devotees and a few poor but not shabby visitors were compelled to stand in the rear of the church thru the whole service.

ONE, back in the midst, yet indescribably apart—whether in the flesh or in the spirit we know not—standing there seemed intensely to regard the people more than their artistic surroundings. But He was unnoticed.

The gorgeous stained glass window, soon, with the subdued splendor of its fellows, to enrich the light that fell upon the richly appointed interior, costing almost \$10,000, was the gift of a wealthy merchant in memory of his father who ere he died was an unostentatious, simple-hearted worshipper in the old church before the rebuilding and removal to the present up-town location when its name was changed. Quite a number of "old fossils" like him voted against the change that the more ambitious finally carried.

But the new memorial window bore the old parishoner's name, and, as part of the ceremony, the chairman of the committee read the donor's regrets that he could not, owing to business necessity, be present at the service in commemoration of his father.

The design of the veiled window was based upon the subject of "The Resurrection." It represented the almost life-size figure of a man rising in space conducted by angels on either side, and a flood of light upon clouds and shadows.

After a closing anthem was sung with exquisite modulations, the minister, who finished his sermon with a fine personal tribute to the old church-member, closing with an elegant peroration about art being the handmaid of religion, came down from his high pulpit in a cardinal-trimmed robe, and led a procession of the church officers and the committee to the shrouded window. Then, as the veil was drawn, the organ swelled forth, "O Salutaris!" The climax of the service came. Those in the rear of the church crowded the Strange One in their eagerness to see. Then the benediction was pronounced.

Many different emotions were stirred in the breasts of the dispersing congregation. Students from the neighboring Art Museum whispered a few critical remarks to one other, quite naturally, and a portly individual said to a friend, "The whole thing's mighty fine! I guess I'll put one in for my wife, some day—it's worth the money." The few working-people who had drifted into the magnificent church, some inquisitively, left silently and went homeward with devout faces and uplifted hearts.

After the assembly had departed, only the old sexton and a Shadow Form in one of the vacant pews remained. The sexton, a common laborer week-days, but the doorkeeper of the Lord on Sunday, was lame, but he moved about more slowly than usual, putting things in order for next Sabbath, and he did not notice the Solitary One who seemed to be waiting for something—now bowed as if in prayer His forehead resting on the pew-back in front of Him. Poor, lonely Man; why does he remain thus? Why! a tear falls on the footstool.

The humble sexton did not notice the

Lingering Visitor because he was thinking, with mist-dimmed eyes, of his only son, a promising lad, engineering with the electric company, and crushed to death since last Easter, leaving the still grieving parents almost heart-broken. While he was thinking about this sorrow his wife joined him. They had agreed to be together here alone after all the fine people had gone, and look at the beautiful new window.

And now they sat there in the almost empty church, silent, hand in hand, before the gorgeous symbol of immortality, drawing deep consolation thru tear-dimmed vision.

These humble souls did not know about Art. They only felt a vague sense that, thru the pictured window, a heavenly radiance, somehow, revealed their boy still living in the realm of light and love.

Then a remarkable thing happened.

The Silent Stranger arose from His bowed posture and came like a living, loving beatitude beside the old couple who now, adoringly, beheld Him smiling radiantly—His own tears like a rainbow mist thru which glistened a light of promise—

and He gently uttered these words:

“Come unto me; let not your hearts be troubled: behold, I have prepared a place for him—and you.”

And, as on the road to Emmaus centuries ago, He disappeared.

**IT WAS THE CHRIST.**

• • • • •

Why the solitary Christ Spirit wept in an attitude of prayer after the unveiling of the stained glass window in the Church of the Exclusive would have been no mystery to anyone who happened to know more of the history of that work of art, as He did. And to know this one must have frequented the studio of the artist whose skill, but not soul, was spent in the routine designing of such ecclesiastical adornments—unobserved, but seeing and understanding all, like the Silent Spirit.

This studio overlooked the city park, and was littered with sketches, tracings, plaster models of cherubs and angels, some architectural fragments and bits of leaded glass. A great shop-like attic loft, made more dingy and untidy by the smoke and scattered ashes and stench

articles such as tobacco-users carelessly leave around their habitat. Evidently the artist who occupied this studio was an inveterate smoker. Quite as evident, also, was the impression suggested by appearances, that the "sacred art" turned out of this place was of a very commercial and conventional order. Few traces of the religious striving of a SOUL to express itself in symbolic form were there. In such an environment the ideal of the "Resurrection" in stained glass is liable to be executed in a dead, mechanical manner — which was precisely the criticism of the art students after the Easter memorial service. However, this sort of art suits churches where dead men's money and men's dead money is coveted more than the Spirit of life and quickened souls.

It was in this studio, some four months previously, that the order for the design for the memorial window for the Church of the Exclusive was brought by the firm which hired the artist, with the command that the work be hurried so as to be done and in the church by Easter.

It was then that the Stranger came to

the studio to observe the process of evolving a religious work of art from such sordid surroundings by an avowed atheist. For the artist frankly boasted he had no faith in God nor belief in immortality of the soul.

He lived more than ever a so-called Bohemian life since his wife died, a frequenter of cabarets and lounger in sporty places, and he made designs for church or gambling palace, according to orders of his employers, not with any enthusiasm for his profession, but for the money to buy for himself and his rather free-and-easy friends what he called "artists' necessities." Indeed, the Spirit once heard him sneer at religion in the company of these loose friends while sharing a bottle of "schnaps" before the outline of "The Resurrection."

The design came very near being unfinished for the time set; and the memory of the pathetic incident which caused the delay was what made the Silent Spirit weep, bowed in the church, alone with the mourning couple, after the ceremonious unveiling. Near the first of February the artist had begun to make some pro-

gress with his sketches and tracings when, suddenly, a messenger from the hospital came to tell him that his wife was dead. To be sure, this emergency had been expected many lingering weeks; but he was wholly unprepared for it—death always comes finally with a shock. Well, poor Margy! her lot had been hard. “Perhaps I might have made it a bit easier and happier,” he thought, recollecting how, as a model, he wooed her those glad days. Now the body must be buried. But where? And how? The artist had no plot of hallowed ground; he knew no friendly minister to whom he felt like going with his trouble—why go to any? He was sick with a cold himself. The quickest and easiest way out of the wretched affair, he decided, would be best. So a pauper grave was dug, and next day, with only himself and the Invisible One for mourners, without a prayer or immortal hope of the artist, his wife was laid away. Then came a collapse from which he recovered barely in time to finish the design for the stained glass window.

• • • • •  
Of all this the Silent Observer was

fully aware. And thus knowing, He had come to witness the ceremonies during and at the close of the Easter service in this fashionable city church. And the mockery of it all—the downright blasphemy of it all masquerading as the religion of the Nazarene! The gilded deadliness of the whole performance, which, as a service to God for man, should have rang and thrilled with Love triumphant! with the victory of life over death — as all the atoms in the Easter bells trembled into music when their hammers struck, and pealed out of their very anguish the exultant notes—it was the utter failure of reaching and expressing this truth—the horror of mediocrity in a moment of supreme opportunity—the absolute failure of all perfunctory make-believers to understand the Resurrection: in nature, in bells, of souls, in the ever-dying-ever-reviving processes of Universal Life, that made the Christ weep.

And it was the simple faith and hope and love of the old sexton and his wife, their sincerity, and the reverence of a few standing in the rear of the church, thru all the pharisaical sham, which made

Him smile so radiantly as He comforted them with the familiar living words.

Thus it happened, as of yore, that the poor, the humble, the mournful, pure in heart and hungering for God, felt the sublimity of the Easter message and received its blessing.

\* \* \* \*

## The Tragedy

1. It is told that one Simon Ben Sebas, of the new sect called "Christians," a zealous man (one of the very first to be led down into the river Jordan by John the baptizer), met Jesus one day;

2. And Sebas, being bent with an affliction and of poor raiment, the Master looked upon him with compassion.

3. But Sebas knew not that it was the Christ.

4. "Be thou blest," said Jesus.

5. "Go thy way" snarled Ben Sebas, "neither thy help nor thy doctrine will I have — Jesus of Nazareth is good enuf for me."

6. And Jesus, sad, departed in peace.

## A Life Lesson

*"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God.  
And the Word became flesh."*

**S**pirit is all. All is Spirit. Spirit is elemental substance—potentially sentient and prescient—cosmic nebula.

In our laboratories we change solid matter into plastic form, then into liquid and then into gas, air, ether; then the awakened mind carries the transmutation from etheric to its pristine elemental Spirit. The universe is essentially spiritual. We live and move and have our being in Spirit.

As I am to all my body-cells, thots, love, acts and environment, so God is the Life, Love, Mind, Will—the Universal Soul—the All-Person of the whole spiritual Universe.

The Omnipresent One lives and moves and has its Being in us—thus we are persons, too, made in God's image, by Supreme Creative Imagination, and indued with God-like life, love, mind and power.

For, as myriads of ions, electrons, atoms make my body, and myriads of thots, desires and acts, embodied and un-

embodied, make my mortal, mental and spiritual environment (the world I live in) and all this is the realm of my soul, so the universe—the totality of all there is—incarnate and discarnate, plus cosmic Soul, is God.

Matter is a form of motion of spirit-nebulae—whirling, vibrating, cohering, hardening atoms of elemental substance—a slow-up of Spirit.

The All-Soul thinks, and natural and celestial forms appear with fiat laws governing them, which science reads as the Divine Love Story of the cosmic movies, calling it “Evolution,” mindful of the dramatic part dissolution plays with involution in the divine creative act; for all changes are but variations of one grand act of the Creator, in one eternal moment. Out of spirit-nebulae (the infinite cloud-mist of potential sentiency and consciousness) the omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent Cosmic Soul creates by sheer affirmation every feeling, every thought, everything. Yes, as the sun rays sunbeams, so the All-Soul radiates soul-beams, so that

NOT IN UTTER NAKEDNESS,  
NOT IN ENTIRE FORGETFULNESS,  
BUT IN TRAILING CLOUDS OF GLORY DO WE COME.

Mind, Soul, Love, are synonymous. All great intuitive poets and divine prophetic teachers have always realized that God is Love. Love is the Mother-name and Mind is the Father-name of Deity. Elohim is the old Hebrew name for Father-Mother Over-Soul.

We are loved into life. The Cosmic thrills the thought and we become living souls. As the inspired Gospel says, "the Word (Thought, Logos, Idea) becomes flesh." The sun vibrates and its myriads of sunbeams fill space. Elohim thrills and countless angels and humans people the celestial and earth planes of the universe. Children of God. Souls of His-Her Soul. Lovers of Divine Love.

**Love is Life.**

Love ways are the gateways of life. Eloah, enfolded in the acorn, becomes a branching oak; mated in the nest, comes in warbling lute-notes of bird life. Eloah in spirit-nebulae ecstatically whirls forth worlds and solar systems, and the cosmic choirs of the stars sing their eternal song of love. And thus, in humanity, her love for him and his love for her opens the door of destiny, and in the babe's birth

the divine force of Love flows on, ever and forever. Father, Mother, Child—the wondrous trinity. Love croons lullabys over the cradle: father, mother—Elohim pair—behold the miracle of another immaculate conception smiling its blossom life up to its creative Source, even as a sunbeam on a rose-petal reflects its tiny ray in beauty up to the gladdened sun.

Again and again “the Word made flesh.”

### THE GREAT AFFIRMATION

Born into a realm of that-things—ideas, ideals, worlds, siderial systems—the first contact of our baby souls is self-realization. “Me” asserts itself. Consciousness of self, of not-self, of others, commences; and in due time, with every recurring effort and sequence, awareness of a law—Conscience—which links all souls and God together, begins to unfold. Rooted in basic sensation: intuition, conscience, activity, manifest as spontaneously and naturally as stem, cotyledons and bud in a plant. Soul of its Parent Soul, intuition awares the relationship, and the day comes when the quickened soul thinks “I am.”

## I AM.

Two littlest of words, yet of mighty importance to man, expressing his divinity, his individuality, his place in nature and in human brotherhood and in the society of immortals.

For, if a sunbeam were conscious and could say "I am," and so be a personal Mary or Harry Sunbeam, do you not see that it must sometime become aware of its oneness—its identity—with the great sun? So related and knowing it, would not all little Harry and Mary Sunbeams flash the salute of their blended relationship to each other, rejoice in their individual sparkle and united splendor, and possessing all the glory of their solar kinship, feel the very life-vibrations of their great parent, partake of the sun's power, effulgence, omnipresence, and brightly sharing his light, realize their deathlessness, their now-and-ever immortality so long as their Source and Life in all his glory exists?

Well, GOD IS and I AM. Say this to yourself. The implications of my self-consciousness reveal God and me—God in me. As one sunbeam is absolute proof

that it and the sun are, so “cogito ergo sum,” I know because there is an All-Knower. I am personal because there is a Cosmic Person. **I AM BECAUSE GOD IS.**

The awakened soul, a cosmic man, has the cosmic concept: that matter can be resolved into energy, energy into spirit—each atom a form of motion of spirit—so that all is spiritual—each electron potentially conscious—feeling, like Caliban, for its divinity. Every molecule and cell in me spiritually alert—ensouled. In me they live and move and have their being. To each atom I am God—so I, too, am one with God. I am, like the supposed sunbeam, a conscious divine ray of Omniscient, Infinite, Eternal Life. God is all-glorious, all-perfect, and yet celebrates His-Her everlasting youth. Therefore, I, soul of Supreme Creative Life, with all souls, share the glory, the joy, the perfection of the Lord, and if I am not asleep, I know it. The more awake I am, the more Godlike am I. “I am.” Incessantly, all day long and always, God-in-me utters “I am”—lets me add “glad” or “sad,” as I choose—instantly responds to our thot. Therefore, being wise, I am

well, wealthy, happy and ever youthful, just because God in me affirms, "I AM," and I add exultingly these felicities.

And so illumined, you are glorified.

In this awakened spirit we ascend Transfiguration Mount. A glow of holiness enwraps us, and inspirational communing, like thrilling, permeating music speaks words of authority thru us blessing us as we utter them for the quickening and prospering of others. We are not alone—we are with the immortals. Tho above our common mortality — our limitations with our sandals left below — all masks off—we stand with all mankind in radiant bliss, blessing and blessed. In this high communion, God flows Love-Power thru us to reaching souls; the urge of the Almighty uplifts our minds to create, our hands to act, ourselves wholly to be the Lord's couriers and doers in loving service to humanity.

O, Father-Mother Heart! May all thy children, our brothers and sisters, awaken to Thy call and service as Thy angels of mercy and joy, and be lifted up and bathed in Thy pure holy spirit, while listening to Thy communing whisper—a

breath of which, a divine note in Thy Eloahic song, is potent to reveal and heal and halo us with immortality now!

This is what makes us ministers-at-large. We do not preach for pay. Nor work for dollars. But for Love—for love. We do not play for pelf. For love. We love for Love. The spirit of the Lord is upon us to proclaim the full-orbed life. Cosmic life. We recollect that our world is only a tiny part of the infinite whole, and if we are to enter celestial realms we must pass thru the portals on earth. From heaven within to heaven everywhere.

This is why I am a socialist. The Golden Rule socially applied. Socialism is the new expression of the Universal Theocracy. Divine Justice in human society. It is the moral law conscienced into the full-orbed Democracy of the United Nations of the World. My nature is just and social also, therefore I must express in working and playing comradeship. The Cooperative Commonwealth is a spiritual ideal, a modern expression of the Kingdom of Heaven; and by whatever name it comes, thru it I

manifest myself as an individual part of the social whole.

Also, an individualized ray of Supreme Creative Life must be a very pronounced individualist. You and I have another manifestation, as infinite individuals, of an infinite socialism—cosmic, universal—and we associate with Isaiah, Homer, Socrates, Lincoln, Whitman, Gotama, Jesus, and all the celestial hosts, and with each other's larger Self. We need not wait for a perfect social regime on our little planet practice-ground ere our cup of social joy o'erflows. We must keep in touch with our times and work for progress. Yes. To glorify the way of the imperfect. Yes, yes! But we must live NOW the Life Universal -- live NOW the wonderful lives of awakened souls enriched with the bounty, the greatness, the beauty and love of the Immanent-Over-Soul with Whom and of Whom we are.

When we come to this larger consciousness, this greater awakening—come to this holy transfiguring ascension—all strain and strife, all anxiety, all sordid pride and limiting ignorance are eliminated, all burdens fall away, all lower and

unimportant things take their proper places, and we are liberated to the life more abundant. Thus is heaven here and now. Freedom to love and think, to create. Loving to think. Thinking to love. Loving to love. **THIS IS THE LIFE!** Happiness! Paradise! It is God-like. With unlimited wealth, perfect health, all lesser goods of the world come, to be used by us, not for selfish profit, but for Love's service according to the rule, You multiply your blessings by sharing them.

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### THE CREATIVE PROCESS

Many souls, almost lost amidst much metaphysical reading, ask for a simple thread of thought which will lead them out of the wilderness. So here is a clear, concise statement of **How to Create**—what I call the **KEY** to all metaphysics and psychology—summed up in six words:

**Realization, Illumination, Liberation,**  
(Metaphysical)

**Desire, Expect, Do (or Practice).**  
(Psychological)

*Hold the Cosmic Concept, fuse it with divine Love  
relax, be still, in the silence, serene, and*

**REALIZE your divinity, oneness with God,**

as a sunbeam is one with its Sun, and to quicken this Realization, sing often daily,  
I am Life! joyous Life! I am love-illumined Life!  
And I feel vibrant thrills of creative, pulsing Life!  
I am Life! joyous Life! I am perfect, peaceful  
Life!

And I bless every soul with rejoicing, happy Life!

Sing these words exultingly, silently, and more and more you will be blest with ILLUMINATION—consciousness of the Truth that frees, awaking from fretted dreams, LIBERATION from all limitations to all delights. And now in this Realization of spiritual identity and divine Light, DESIRE what you essentially need (not what you selfishly want) incessantly; EXPECT it anticipatingly, unwaveringly, absolutely (which is Faith) and finally Do (Practice), let your Desire automatically Act, according to opportunities you are led to or that come flocking to you—this the “works” which prove and complete Faith or Expectancy.

Illustration: Paderewski Desired to play the piano; he Expected to be a master pianist; he Practiced untiringly, with all his heart and soul. Result: success—the way all successes, spiritual or mater-

rial, are achieved. But I put the metaphysical words first, for, if we seek the kingdom of Heaven first, other things will abide and be satisfactory. Results will follow if we only use the psychological words, selfishly, but such "successes" are boomerang curses.

THE LAW OF LIFE

*"Consider the lily . . . how it grows . . . It toils not."*

There never need be any struggle or hard effort in our lives if we live the simple, easy law of life—the law of the lily. We don't strive to push the wind the way it blows, nor strain to drop a falling rock; but try to move the earth out of its orbit and you have the task of Atlas on your back, yet go with it 1200 miles a minute whirling thru space, and 'tis a joy-ride.

Why don't people take God's myriad hints—go with the law of their lives, and eternally rejoice?

We had a yacht race, last summer, from here to Honolulu. A white-capping wind was head-on against the fleet. Did the jaunty sailor-men muster on all decks to fill their lungs and blow back the 40-

mile breeze? or man the oars like galley-slaves? O, no. They seemed more like "loafing and inviting their souls" with joy at their pennants. But they trimmed their sails and hoisted their anchors and the helmsmen tacked north and tacked south, so the spirit o' the wind could push the sails—then the beautiful swans of the sea glided gaily on their course.

Lesson: "God helps those who help themselves"—do their part—pray as the sailors do, "ora est labora"—not begging the wind to blow differently.

The tiny "Life Logic" following this lesson, is more dynamic than a glance reveals. Right hot, rightly applied is like connecting a great factory with a Niagara power house. Some folks neglect to connect with Universal Power and "serenely fold their hands and wait"—as if a sailor unfurled his sails but forgot to hoist the anchor—and WAITS; others act as tho to switch on they must push the Niagara over the Falls. It was a wise lunatic who, trundling a wheel-barrow upside down, was told that was not the way, but to turn it over, replied, "But then someone will put a load in it." I've seen weary

parents carrying almost grown-up children thus; and a world full of workers are daily trundling weary willies and wealthy Williams, tired and rubber-tired, besides the stupendous criminal load of a capitalist economic system.

Jesus said, "My burden is light" (in both senses). He had let go of things not essential; his REAL estate in Heaven—no income-tax. Put another way he said, "If anyone offers you a burden, take it—and lay it down." Where burdens belong.

The spirit o' the wind will sail yachts; little drops of gasoline sprayed o'er sparks in an engine will put ten-league boots on tired feet, and wings to Icarus so he out-races the prince on a magic carpet. The young farmer, I see from my study window, sits on a tractor, three furrows and double-disk harrows in one operation, like a tourist nonchalantly sweeping Sierras and Pacific with a glance. Grandfather used to sweat with lathered horses doing a tenth of the work.

Moral: something is wrong if it goes hard. Treadmills may be for mules—not for humans.

INTELLIGENT "labora est ora."

## Life Logic

Our thots make our lives;  
We can choose our thots; therefore,  
We can make our lives what we choose.

. . . . .

### The Secret Place of Power

Were you ever in the “switch-room” of a great industrial plant? There in a little tower chamber is the man who, touching a button or sliding a lever, connects every wheel and belt in all the big factory buildings with the mighty Dynamo in the Niagara Power-house. He is a wonderful but not extraordinary fellow—this switch-man amidst his concentrated wires aloft in his little room—but all the activities and products of the great works depend upon him.

Well, Jesus, with marvelous insight of the human mind and the soul operating its switches, anticipated this place of power in the factory tower in his phrase, “*Basileia ton Ourenon*,” Greek for “Inner Place of Power,” translated, “Kingdom of Heaven.” Jesus knew that Man

is a microcosm of the Whole, child of God, as a sunbeam of the Sun, and that Omnipotence—the Divine Dynamic—within easy reach, concentrates and flows thru the tower-chamber of his mind; and, therefore, knew that each one of us is a switchman, to will on and use for such creative purposes as we desire, all or part of omnipresent Universal Power; or, we can allow it to be latent, let the works of our lives almost cease, inoperative, shut down. This was Jesus' great discovery.

It means that any soul has only to connect his or her life by faith-switch to Supreme Creative Life, and will-switch onto whatsoever things you desire, and, SWITCHES KEPT ON, lo! Invisible Power, thus directed, pulls belts and whirls wheels—atoms obedient to magnetic attraction—which subtly form and fashion materially the arts and crafts, the beauty and bread, the songs and things we want. (Mark 11, 24.)

“The Kingdom of Heaven.” The Secret Power-place within. In the tower of the mind, where by faith and will connections, along concentrating and conducting lines of that, Godlike, we may

create. But, alas! many a needy and distressed soul loaf in the tower, or allows others to fool there, or fumbles with the switches, stupidly crossing thots so they "short," and the works stop, or smash. Some use the Power to wreck nations by war, and some use a weak, intermittent modicum of the Power switched on to petty pusillanimously pestiferous purposes.

"Basileia ton Ourenon." Silent Center of Power. The Sermon on the Mount proclaims over and over again and again "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." **WITHIN!** Neither lo! here, nor lo! there—where money-mad mobs chase for it. The source of all good, of plenty and more than enuf—abundance—is within us. This is the ringing utterance of text and parable. Within—the lofty secret place—the soul's tower—the Mind—where hearts throb Love thru thot unto creative action—here! O men and women, here is where, first, you must enter and function. Here touch Omnipresent Omniscient Omnipotence—God—switch on! by faith—and whatsoever things you desire (will) shall be added unto you. (See "Creative Process" lesson, page 61.)

Oh! the stupidity of cupidity! Souls struggling, sweating, swearing, crying in despair—while joy, serenity and plenty are within easy reach. As Jesus said, “at hand.” Like muling babes, at midnight, yelling for milk, and mother-breast there so near and overflowing. For centuries Niagara grandly wasted o'er the Falls ere man threw a turbine under its rush and leap to catch and apply some of its mighty energy. For nigh twenty centuries since Christ Jesus preached “Basileia ton Ourenon!” men have slaved, brutalized, and women have wept while little children moan, and prayed begging with clasped beseeching hands to a far-away myth above the clouds for succor and peace. Not so did the engineers on Niagara bank. Not so did Jesus teach—but, “Blessed, blessed, blessed!” are ye who hear and heed: the secret place of power—God—the kingdom of heaven—greater than all the assembled dynamos of Niagara—is WITHIN YOU.



## The Larger Life

Having come into a new world, still trailing the consciousness of the old life, I have to constantly keep looking at the new conditions, feeling the new sensations and making little excursions out into partially explored fields of new experience, to make sure it is all REAL. The old consciousness and sensations and activities incessantly wave up on the new shores with an undertow that almost drags me back---like the dragonfly sunning its gossamer wings on a twig above the leaping brook from which, out of its pupa, it had just emerged. But I persisted in the new adjustments and experiments; and every new realization substantiates what at first appeared "too good to be true."

The larger life universal is comparatively like the ascent from the various planes of growth from babyhood to adult maturity; the first excursions and experiences from the mother's breast being in the little cradle or cot, with rubber ring and a rattle; later we toddle out of our creeping, banging our tin mugs and col-

lecting bright bits of glass or smooth stones, delighted with our first bouncing ball and "Noah's Ark." The rubber ring and rattle realities lapped over into the ball and toy stage or plane, and these are slowly discarded when the dollies, play-dishes, cart and velocipede era arrives to the girl and boy. Youth and maidenhood exchange these toys for others of a more "practical" sort—the boy empties his pocket of pieces of string, marbles, fish-hooks, mouth-organ and jack-knife; and the girl gives her crack-faced doll a secret hug as she lets the salvage shop have it, and begins to vision a "truly-real" baby and home furnishings. Now comes the so-called "business of life"—trade for the grown-up boy, home and social functions for the young woman. Ever discarding the things of the old life for the things of the new life. And all thru the latter periods all phases of their lives are strung along a financial thread. Dollars, dollars, dollars are obsessing verities. For every new toy, be it a bungalow or an automobile, with all their trappings, or the trifles of a passing moment, depends upon bits of stampt paper or sil-

ver. And so the careless play with the simple things of childhood becomes the desperate game of getting dollars—and more dollars. Men and women live and die, even war and murder for dollars.

The history of the human race is not much different. Primitive peoples lived simply thru lifetime a routine often pleasant with little fragments of childish delight over a pretty stone, a fish-bone fashioned into a hook, or a flint to bind onto an arrow—a few natural toys with which to vary the monotony between chases and fights. Chases and fights sometimes brot unexpected things of interest to adolescent mankind. When some “civilized” chasers and fighters came and captured their “savage” playmates, the game was one-sided, to be sure, but even as slaves, peeved toilers, there was the wonder and curiosity of a child at the new manners and customs they were brot into. And often the chasers with guns and rum and beads and gospels found it more advantageous than fighting to barter trinkets for ivory and rubber and such other intrinsic things as the natives of the jungle would risk their lives for. Beads and gin

are boon values to children who have not yet grown up to worship the Dollar God.

And now I have come up out of the plane of "civilization" into the realm of the Spirit, still on earth, yet embodied, as the boy is embodied in the man, as the savage is yet incarnate in the citizen of Boston or Paris; yet a dweller in a city and scarcely emerged from business, surrounded by dollar idolators and afflicted with some acute memories of myself bowing down to the \$ fetich—here now am I in a new and wonderful world where the things of my childhood have ceased to interest me, and even many of the former interests of manhood have passed away; albeit, as I said before, an undertow of these once so-called interests often seems trying again to drag me asunder.

But, as the man outgrew the boy and put away childish things, as the barbarian outgrows the childhood of the race and puts away, one by one, things savage for the things of civilization, so I am fast leaving the old worn out fascinations and valuations for the new ecstasies and precious riches of the Universal life. Now, Godlike, I am a creator. In the old life

I also “created” in the sweat of my face and the anxiety of failure — sometimes in the sweat and fret of my soul trying to overcome physical obstructions and limitations; but now, wielding a once undreamt power in full understanding of the Law, I divinely use Causal Thot, as an Edison uses electricity, and lo! with ease and certainty I get results. Creation. Like Beethoven, I am learning to create my own music; like Shakespeare, to make my dramas; like every true artist, to vison Beauty first within my own soul; somewhat like the Wright Brothers, I take my soul-plane and travel to realms never before explored:—

*“O daring joy, but safe! are they not all  
seas of God?”—*

in such luxury, such ease, and with instantaneous speed, that already the aeroplane has become junk; like a Prince of Heaven I have and enjoy wealth prepared for me since the foundation of the universe — more than is possible to tell to those yet dwelling wholly on the three-dimensional plane — and too, quite important, I find all things of the old life that are necessary, without effort, added to me in this new world. Now Uncle Sam

is manager of my estate; Henry Ford, dear fellow, is my chief chauffeur; Mr. Rockeffeler is head service-man at my oil stations; Morgan & Co. are my financial clerks; Mr. Edison lights my home and supplies me with power, and all my neighbors unite to pipe me an abundance of water. And all these give me their best for little scraps of green paper and bits of stampt coin. And in the new realm by my creative power, these scraps and bits are so easy to get that it is a mere playful turn of attention, according to the rules of the game, to "tag" them and they are "it."

The most inspiring outlook on the life of the Spirit, is the vista beyond—ever beyond! Grand as are the new visions; beautiful as are the new delights; wonderful as is the new creative power—even all this is but an intimation, a splendidly real and active and daring and achieving promise of more wonderful developments and diviner experiences yet to come! Even this new life, now, that I can find only words of a passing plane of language to suggestively describe, as one sends a rose from Santa Barbara to Boston in

mid-winter to tell of the balmy climate here to the snow-bound there—so even this larger life—this Life Universal—has its higher degrees of unfoldment, and I know and sense enuf to realize that I am yet in my infancy and am upon its rim. Eternity broadens out further, infinity is vaster, tho less veiled, and immortality—the universal here and everlasting now—yet finds me a traveler only a little fuller orbed in my orbit of endless progress.

But I am as I am and where I am—as you are where you are; and God never forsakes us, ever leads, constantly blesses. And O! so many true and beautiful souls, embodied and invisible, continually signal me, welcome me, commune and sing with me--even now, while writing and printing these words for you. All rejoicing in our fascinating, thrilling work—awaking and inspiring other souls to this royal life in the Kingdom of God. We once talked about “business” and “big business” during our earth-bound days: but now in Happiland we say:

*Business is the unfoldment and enrichment of one's soul;*

*Big business is the enrichment and unfoldment of all souls.*

Maybe the old and new definitions of “business” best describe the old and the new life.

Life!—the larger life—Life Universal! O! how good and great and glorious it is?

\* \* \* \*

## Spiritual Sport

**F**riendly Reader:—Pardon a little spiritual playfulness, please—I wonder that the whole world don’t take a life holiday and play Love’s games with angels, like I’m playing with you now.

For your pleasant perusal makes my happiness happier—and suggests that we’re God’s babies romping on the sands of time along the shore of eternity, and (in thot) as angels play, we take hold of hands and dip and dive into the Sea of Bliss, dancing in its surf of delight while the spray of God’s laughter blows joy in our faces—and now I’m splashing you with love.

Which poesy is to try to tell you simply how glad I am of your fellowship in reading this book.



## Dwelling in Two Worlds

Dear Friend:

Can you imagine how pleased I'd be to get a letter from you? For, reading it I'd lose all sense of surroundings and not know if it is Sunday or Friday, and the whole world disappears except this cloudland cove, and, thinking of you, I'd wonder if you, too, are cast away among the Celestial Isles — and lo! suddenly I hear your "Hello!" and see you along a sunbeam trail gliding thru golden-azure clouds up to meet me . . . O the joy of fellowship!

Have you ever thought, friend, of the magic to simply focus a love-thought to a beloved? Swift intense telepathy. More occult than Yoga-austerities—yet as common as everyday life. So ordinary that most people never pause to look or listen in; but some soon day we'll scrap the telephone—as we do when talking to God.

Folks may formally touch hands, yet be as far apart as the antipodes; or one of the two may not be "all here" so the other feels as tho the touch is a push instead of a welcome. But when we con-

centrate a moment—eternity in an instant—to a dear one, we fuse souls, just as blue and red blend in violet. “Closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet.”

Sometimes I’m caught up, surprised, in this enchantment, and voiceless communion mists my eyes with a rainbow of promised immortality; and I have even curtsied with souls and rompt thru the skyway with playmates, some in this life, others living beyond death (tho the latter pleasures are apt to be when I’m in deep dreamless sleep, but come to mind later). And I’m not a “spiritualistic medium” under “control” which is soul-suicide. But I love spiritual fellowship—communion of souls—feeling that real friendship is eternal; and I like to think that when “angels” meet they flash to each other glistening glances with smiles like muted music and murmur: “You beautiful being! who are you?” And passing on, they say like the whisper of scented zephyrs, “Isn’t life glorious!” Kismet. Cosmic.

For “As below so above,.” We are immortals. We’re in heaven—and didn’t “die.” And, if translated like Enoch, we

don't know it. We're living the eternal life now. If there be halos o'er our heads they are invisible; harps? souls hear love thots — your sympathetic feelings are music to me, dear reader. We are real angels — beautiful beings — daughters of God of whom He is mindful and the sons of men whom He visits, here on earth.

The ancient Greeks had their Demi-gods and Naiades, dancing free and joyously where Olympus' sloping mead and Mediterranean meet; but you and I are divine beings and we meet in Celestia — the city of our hearts — and, thinking of one another, as Maeterlinck suggests in the "Bluebird," we quicken our lives, and dissolve into Spirit, blend, and become one in the embrace of the loving All-Soul our Beloved. And, lo! here we are, living in two worlds simultaneously — earth the lesser, and heaven the larger life. And if 'tis a dream 'tis more real than looking from yonder high cliff o'er the Pacific to Honolulu. A realm of the Real all seers and poets long ago discovered. Here's a path parkt with roses, broader than any world boulevard, upon which all human careers converge, splendored with spec-

trum lights, far, far beyond the horizon up the skyway to these Celestial Isles and come strains of melody from some glimmering orb — maybe the Star of Music where the choirs and orchestras of KOH broadcast — and, playmate, as you read this we loiter and listen. And O, friend o' mine, look! do we not see lovely ones, some in mortal and some in spirit garb, many reclining to hear the choralecelum, and others are dancing, with rhythmic graceful poses and steps so fairy-light that the ballet swims in air bathed in melody; and an incense, not only of the gardens of flowers, but like a divine dew distilled in human hearts and dipt in love, suggests that this is all the worship of the Supreme Creator by awakened souls in the Temple of Universal Life.

Yes, my-other-self, thus we touch the Eternal and sense Something sublime.

Ah! well, this is truth-poesy to tell you how a letter would "joy me up."

YES, 'TIS A FACT. LOVING—WE'RE IN HEAVEN, SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF GOD. GODS AND GODDESSES LIVING EVERY INSTANT LIFE EVERLASTING.

## Consider the Lily

Dora Dear:—So, you query, “Would not health and happiness come if one stressed money less and suppressed sense, to be more spiritual?”

Come, let’s take a little walk together—O, anywhere, out in the park or, better, along this woodsy path among the live oaks—there’s something about the name, “live” oaks that lures. And, O, see! here on the edge of the path a wild purple iris! Do pause a moment; didn’t Jesus say something about “considering the lily, how it grows?”

Ah! Dora, an idea! The iris is talking: there! did you hear that? Listen, it communed on a whiff of perfume: “I live my own lily life.” Now—did you ever!—Well, the little simpleton don’t know any better—hush! another whiff-word: “naturally.” Huh! natural li’l’ fool! Umph! It’s only a wayside lily—pretty tho, and vulgarly healthy. Come on Dora. Yet, wait a bit, why, the silly sentence keeps repeating itself in my soul, “I live my own life,”—“I live my own life . . . naturally.” Queer—rooted there

and can't walk as we are walking, can't talk as we are talking—only "saying it like flowers"—perhaps we talk too much? But, O, hark again, "And," lilts the lily, "I don't pose as a school-mistress telling pansies and poppies and daisies and buttercups to live lily-wise." Dora, O Dora, what a slam on us "teachers" and "leaders!" Come that flower talks too much—let's hike away. Just lives its own life in its own way, and if there be any fragrance and beauty of a lily—O, well, that's natural for lillies—maybe natural for souls, too, when they live, each his or her own life, naturally. Here! come back, Dora, come closer, our Iris is whispering to itself: "God makes me live so I'm a spiritual inspiration—yet I've got my roots deep and busy digging in the soil here; and, Lady Dora, aren't my tinted stamens and pistil lovely?"

What's that you wrote in your note, Dora? "Maybe we cling to the material world too much, Ariel; perhaps that is why we don't get our quicker unfoldment and healing." Maybe; we are indeed not wholly physical beings.

But here's your answer and a little

lesson right out of the Book of Life, Dora. And it all sums up, simply, "Live your own life, full-orbing, just naturally, like a lily. Your soul's love-life, 'mighty lak a rose.'" As God decrees, too, for souls. Laying aside all excess baggage of blah-blah theories, the mumblings of priests, the forcings of fakirs, the complexities and perplexities of the occult; even the subtle fireworks of the "illuminati;" in a phrase, abandon all bargain-counter \$&c cults and religions—all right for experimenters in Truth but often shocking; quite safe for the Barnums with a show for people's cash; but not to be imitated or patronized by one who must, by God's fiat, live his or her own life in their own way to get the experiences out of which, lily-like, a soul's glory and destiny are made. Of course, rising up (not uprooted) out of material conditions, to unfold above ground—not smothered by the earth which sustains our physical nature; not nipt by insect "don'ts," nor blighted by the green sheath of suppression that grips a blossoming soul too tightly; nor withered by burning passion, but—up, up out of the soil into the sunshine of the Spirit,

yes, yes. Like a lily. And if there be fragrance and beauty in our souls—O, well, of course—let us give, give, give to all who appreciate. Living as natural as life, care-free, singing like the birds, romping, or if not romping, on happy little walks along woodsy paths, and, pausing before a purple iris, receive its message of joy. Up out of the material, yet using the material with ecstasy, as the artist uses his violin. Up, up unto a glory more splendid than Solomon's. Unconcerned about everything except one thing—your soul just naturally living its own life in its own true and lovely way. For this is a sermon no preacher can excel; it is the art of arts, the music the violin echoes.

\* \* \* \*

## Red Rose Service

**R**oses planted on one side of the fence have a delightful way of pushing branches thru the palings and hanging sprays of blossoms over in the next yard. Let's cultivate the rose nature. Whatever is sweet and beautiful in us, share it as much as we can with others.

## A Gospel of Liberty

When a child, I often sat at grandad's knee listening to the story of the man who tried to scare his boy shepherd who askt one day, "Father, what is fear?" Always, when he came to the episode of the dark forest, where the lad with his flock had to pass at nitefall, and where the sheeted man, ghost-like was hiding, waiting to appear and appal the home-faring boy, my childish interest rose to a climax as the dead branch fell near the frightened "ghost" who fled in terror—the lad chasing his father shouting, "Run Big Fraid, Little Fraid's after you!"

I remember, also in those story telling days, my good grandfather must chastize his son, my big uncle, for some youthful prank, and Walter, guiltily seeing his father stoop for a rod, shut his eyes and ran screeching to his mother while grandad, laughing, belabored him with a wisp of straw.

Grandad was the village blacksmith. Once we had another laugh at the smithy when, having strapt the feet of a fractious horse to shoe him, then led the hobbled

and subdued steed to a grassy plat to hop about and graze. When the owner came and the fetlock straps were unbuckled, it was funny to see the high-spirited horse hopple a dozen yards ere realizing that his feet were free—then dash down the road with his master like a run-away.

And ofttimes, if it were not so tragic, I would laugh again whenever I see a fearful soul—a hobbled soul—held in some delusive bondage. 'Tis pitifully funny.

For there is nothing to fear, ever; nothing can fetter a sunbeam, or a soulbeam, a conscious child of God. We are always really free. Free in the freedom of God. Safe in the safety of the All-Soul awakened souls are immune from harm—we cannot be enslaved or hurt unless we fall asleep and dream nitemares or let some conjuring illusion obsess us.

Every bondage, every limitation, all poverty, yes, sickness, too, are all mere make-believe that dissolves and vanishes when we awake and laugh the ridiculous notions away. Every sin, every scar of character, every unhappy omen or hour, is just such a sham as Big Fraid's scare, just such a feint as a club of straw, just

such a hypnosis as the unhobbled horse, when we awake from hallucinations of fear and fetters.

When you and I, wide-awake sons and daughters of God, sit communing beside a lake and open ourselves to the music of the morn, letting spiritual melody play to our inner hearing, accompanied by bird-warblings, tree-taps, wind-whisperings and locust-piccolos; and then, visioning thru the shimmering leaves, see angelic dancers above the floating clouds, ascending and descending with celestial grace as the harmony rises and falls, and the whole arcana of heaven and earth becomes divine movies for our enchantment; when we simultaneously commune with friends in the far east, rising from their labor to say "Good morning," and again in spirit, we are in the far west to call the same salutation to awaken other friends; meanwhile you and I, conscious of each other's thots and joy—and all this and more within the flash of a moment, tho our immortality forgets time—do you not realize with me, that we are divine, we are Princes and Princesses of

the Realm of the Real living the Life Universal—as immortals should? Do you not realize that the winds sing freedom, that the sunshine smiles freedom, and yet the breeze and the light are as hesitant shadows compared with the jubilant freedom of our souls?

So friends, when we see a brother or sister stupified with sensation, tethered to their poverty or to their property—which is the same thing; limited with blindness: captive to their fears—when we behold a world sitting in goblin darkness perceiving not angelic gladness; in prisons of ignorance, unaware that all doors open to the magic of the soul's command—how can we help coming forth, the surging, urging truth leaping from our lips:

*“The spirit of the Lord is upon me,  
Wherefore he hath anointed me to preach  
glad tidings to the poor:  
He hath sent me to proclaim release to  
the captives,  
And recovery of sight to the blind.”*



## The Carrot

This is a simple bit of Russian folk-lore told to me in a Broadway wholesale office, by a man immersed in the engulfing waves of business insolvency, forced by unscrupulous competitors, yet comforted by the lesson it teaches. It is what your soul tells your heart in a lucid moment.

. . . . .

**A** woman had lain in Hell a thousand years. Wearily she moaned her woe—suddenly, for the first time, crying for mercy.

The receiving Angel at a Heaven radio-station heard this cry. Release was for her if possible—if the law of the soul was not broken.

A messenger is sent whispering to the moaning woman: “Look, look into your memory—is there not one act of generosity, one kindly impulse, one effort to help some unfortunate, back in your earth-life?”

“Ah, no, no, alas!” wept the woman; “and yet—wait—oh ‘tis not worth mentioning,” she sighed.

“What is it?” quickly asked the messenger.

“Why, once (smiling faintly,) once I gave a starving tramp a carrot.”

God was listening. "Go bring the carrot," He addressed the messenger.

"Surely that old carrot is rotted away by now," thot the woman, "it never will be found—even by an angel" she groaned.

"O, yes it will," replied another near by, a lovely angel boy with the word "Hope" woven into his vestment; "the evidence of any kind deed is never lost in Heaven," he assured.

The messenger appeared again, and with her the little carrot. "'Twas there all right," she said. "There was a blur, an almost invisible check-mark against the name and number referring to the proof, but here it is clear enuf—"she gave the carrot to one a-hungered."

And as the messenger said this a slender string, like a spider's filament spun from above, strong as steel, came lowering down and attached to it was the carrot.

The woman seized it. Grasped it with both hands — eagerly — trembling — the cramp of a thousand years were in her fingers, but they clamped the carrot, and it began to lift.

It lifted the woman — sitting — upright — her feet were leaving the dank

floor—thru the darkness a light, like a little lantern, glowed from the carrot. The woman held on and was lifted. Tears fell down her form on others, their hands gripping her dress, clasping her feet, and other hands grasping theirs—the whole of Hell seemed to become an endless, living, human fringe upon the woman.

And they were lifted.

Suddenly the woman looked down and saw the horde clinging to her.

The carrot was so small—the line so thin—O God! it would never bear such a weight!

Desperately she shook herself, kicked out to shake the clingers off. They gript her tighter. The carrot still rose,

Then in a fierce panic, the woman screeched with a voice that pierced the uttermost parts of the abyss: “It’s MINE! the carrot is MINE!”

And the cord broke.

All fell back into the black depths.

**SELFISHNESS IS HELL!**



## Peter---God's Boy

I wish you knew Peter. Really knew him. More than a mere introduction. So you forget the curiosity with which you regarded his clean bare feet; his \$3 suit of crash; his sun-blushed cheeks; his boyish 50th birthday. Forget these. Feel his loving heart. Glow in the radiance of his blessing. For Peter is all friend to all who are friendly. Why wear a hat in the presence of God? Immanuel! Why wear spats in the holy approach to souls? God-with-us. Why tog out in the stores of Broadway, and our otherselves weary in rags in mudbog treadmills as penance? None of that for simple, natural Peter. Peter the loving. Peter the free. God's boy. With a dollar in his pocket—rich!

For to know Peter is to know Christ a degree more. Is to know that our souls have inherent power for every need of a full-orbed life; possess latent forces for unfoldment in beauty, truth and goodness unto perfection that makes Solomon's glory shabby; is to know that we are connected with unused reservoirs of health, strength and happiness awaiting

inflow of blessings thru our lives and refreshment to others ere returning to their divine source in Supreme Love.

I met him the other night while talking to a room full of radicals (who felt a gracious Presence in their midst,) on the crest of Angel's Flight, in Los Angeles, California. When I had spoken of Red Rose ideals Peter sidled to me and slipping half a dollar into my hand (half his fortune) he breathed me a blessing: "For love-in-service." Ah! I knew Peter instantly. He's a member of the Lost Church. I love him. A bird in my heart sang. The same song ever singing in Peter's soul.

As I went homeward the song orchestrated echoes of distant pealing joy-bells, deep within me, or from far-away heights, I could not say. It was friendliness exulting into universal love. Listening to this melody. I threaded my way thru the city thorofares and suddenly noticed a feeble woman reach her withered hands toward a tiny electric heater exhibited before a shop. A wonder! The current of stored sunshine quickened her anemic blood. I wirelessed a blessing to her. Eye

met eye, She, too, heard the song. Our garments touched. Peter's half-dollar fell into her hand—with his blessing: "For love-in-service." A miracle! Friendliness glowed between us. The little old woman, and Peter, and I, were worshiping in the Lost Church. Warm in the radiance of Infinite Love, Each blessing the other in bliss. Her "Good night" tears reflecting the stars in my soul's heaven. Parting, each a quickened heater of soul-shine, thrilling unto the warming of others with celestial fire.

So we can always radiate Infinite Love to dormant souls. Souls reaching out yearning hands numbed with selfish seeking—chilled by neglect—feeble for lack of love—trembling to the tune:

*"I care for nobody, no, not I,  
For nobody cares for me."*

So, like Peter, we may alembic money into the coin of heaven. So we may fellow into friendliness, even at a distance. So we may really know Peter, and John, and Mary, and Jesus, and God.

Isn't this what Christ taught and exemplified? How you and I, soul-beams

of the All-Soul, can glow to another—even to a hobo (homo bonus)—and arouse his or her inherent power. Reveal to them their latent forces. And start the flow of blessings universal from the Eternal Reservoir of Bliss.

**S**O, dear friend, this little book is a love-gift to you, thru the gracious "love-offerings" of others. And now, if you send a little love-gift of appreciation, its true and beautiful message will inspire another soul.



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